An Essay
On
The old and new school of medicine.

Respectfully submitted
To the Faculty of the
Homoeopathic medical College
Of Pennsylvania
on the
28th day of January
One Thousand eight hundred & fifty three
by
Stacy Jones
of
Pennsylvania

# The old and new school of medicine.

## Personified under the titles of, Allos, and Homoios.

The smiling sun had just arisen, from his ocean bed in the east, and the sombre shades of night, given way before his golden beams, to the dawn of a cloudless day. When young Homoios, with ruddy countenance and graceful mien, and brow though smooth, yet deeply contemplative, came forth from his peaceful couch with buoyant tread, to inhale the fresh and invigorating air of the morning, ere entering upon the benign duties of the day.

He was strolling through his spacious lawns and gardens, replete with every rare and useful, and medicinal plant, and shrub, and tree, the Earth gives root to, delighted with the multiplicity, and beauty, of the colors with which fair Flora was adorned: rendered at that early hour doubly beautiful, by the tinsel imparted to the pure young rays.

by the limpid dew-drops, tremulously pending like glossy beads, from her variegated robe; which imbibing the rich yellow light into its delicate tissue, seemed half light itself, so near translucent.

And with an honest heart, he bowed him down and worshipped Him, whose hand had been so lavish of its blessings: And every leaf and blade of grass, and blooming petal, moved, as though they all in concourse joined like myriads of tongues, in voiceless anthems to their Great First Cause. The birds too plumed their silky mantles, and joining in the universal hymn of joyous Nature, floated forth upon their downy pinions, to bathe them in the fresh and balmy air. Each insect too arose, and in the manner Providence approved, attuned its lays, & crept, or leaped, or flew, in gladsome mood, delighted to be alive that happy morning.

To Homicas there was a two fold interest and delight enlisted in this scene. One the pleasure

that the living picture by the pencil of God imparted to the enraptured senses. The other the contemplation of the purposes, for which each beauteous thing around him was intended; he knew that nothing was created purposeless, and seeing there was one continuous chain, extending in a regular gradation from the simplest atom, up, through earth-plat beast and man, and Angel unto God. And that each thing he saw was an important link in this great chain, whose humble presence there was absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the harmonious and mysterious charm - And seeing too, that all the things contributing to form the first compartment of this chain - of which Man stood the head, centred in him: he knew that it must be. for him they were created - this their purpose then, to build up. and whenever by foes assailed and injured, to repair the vital temple man.

And now he gave his thoughts full rein

and thus they ran.

Nature, could we read her ample pages rightly, would instruct us how each particle of matter doth conduct itself, in all its travels through the legions of phenomina in which it acts a part. for there is not a single law of Nature, or even one phenomenon resulting from the action of these laws upon each other, but embodies in it volumes of important truths: And there is not a single tinge of color or degree of heat, or light, or form or action of material, but is a tongue proclaiming them to man.

Newton saw his apple to the ground. he understood the hint. "the larger draws the smaller body to it". And now that he had thrown the window open, how the gladdening light flowed in upon the scientific world, dispelling from her face, a portion of the darkening clouds of doubt and ignorance. Many strange phenomina were now with ease accounted for. and nature grew

more lovely in the eye of man.

Never before did such rich music well from out the rolling spheres, that thread their mazy paths above us in the boundless vault of blue, as when the hand of Newton swept their mystic chords — or ever the gold - the violet and the purple, that commingle in the tapestry adorning the gorgeous western chambers of Apollo - fill mankind with greater rapture, than when he informed them, that this giant picture - and the covenantal bow of many colors in the cloud - ay - every hue that beautifies the earth; were painted with a brush invisible, dipt in a flood of light.

Franklin saw the lightning shoot, and rend the earth; exhibiting a property of electricity - he understood the hint, and raised his kite - and proved the two identical - and studied out its laws, and thus learned how to lead it quietly and harmlessly to earth: so that his fellow man might gaze upon its sinuous fiery streaks, and listen

to its thundering claps, and rolls, resounding in the hollow chambers of the air- and feel no creep of fear- to mar the grandeur of the scene.

Man saw the bird collect the slender twigs, and neatly interlap them- forming thus his neat and pleasant cozy- he understood the hint, and went away and manufactured baskets.

Again- he saw another gather leaves, and with an hair, or some tough grassy fibre, stitch them neatly together- puncturing with his bill- constructing thus the nest he fancied most- he understood the hint, and went away and made the needle and the thread and instituted sewing.

He saw the Caterpillar spin his silky thread, and weave as shroud, in which to lie him down until he should arise again to nobler life.. he understood this as a hint, to go and spin the yarn, and weave the cloth for clothing; also as a Symbol of mans life and death and resurrection.

He saw the Spider with his slender

cordage, hoist the ponderous stone, from floor to ceiling - he understood that this was by the power of leverage - and went away and made the tackle, for uplifting heavy weights.

He saw the gallant little Nautilus go forth upon the sea - and drop his oars, and hoist his sails, and gaily glide away upon its heaving bosom - he understood the hint, and went away and built the boat - the ship.

He saw the pigeon when conveyed how far soever from home, direct its course precisely to that compass point, from which it came - he understood that through its nice perception of the earth's magnetic force - it was enabled thus to do: and prompted by the hint, he made the mariner's unerring guide across the dark and stormy wave; - the needle & the compass.

He saw the Petrel walk upon the waters of the ocean, as a wren upon the garden path; - presaging storm - he understood that through its

delicate perception of the weight of air. It knew this fact and went away and made that faithful consort of the sailor the barometer.

And further more the deer - with numerous other things of equal interest and instruction, that each inferior animal is its own physician; and knows what food is healthful, and what deleterious, and therefore does not grieve kind Nature, by partaking of those things forbidden - and thus to initiate the organs of digestion, that the proper, wholesome aliment becomes obnoxious: nay they do not feed on poisons, but whenever by some mishap they need them as a medicine, they use them.

The toad if wounded, when in combat with the spider, hastens off, and takes of some medicinal plant to check the shells of death.

The dog, if sick, led by that never erring monitor Keen-sighted nature, wanders off into the fields in quest of that which has the power to heal, and which when found, scarce ever fails its purpose.

And grim gramalkin too, when seized with colic or the like, goes to his favorite bed of mint, and nibbles some of that, and lies him down among his soft elixir, till the pangs are past -

He understood, by this "there was a balm for every ill that flesh is heir to" - but where was he to go to find, and how prepare - and how administer this balm?

From such like voyages of thought, it long ago was evidenced to Homicus, that Nature, who had ever proved thus willing to instruct her pupil - man - would also grant this hallowed secret - This led him to his darling theme, the voice of nature to her true Physician - which, he studied with untiring diligence: and thus perceived that each infinitesimal globule, trundling its meandering course, along the mazy, microscopic highways, innumerable in every leaf and flower, is a tiny chariot, in which an Angel sits - a Minister of health - proclaiming in a language audible

only to the ear of the intellect. Truths wonderful, and full of beauty. Moreover he had learned their dialect, and joyed to talk with them, they told him that there is a shield, for every dart the foe of health, may hurl against the living temple of the soul: and that these shields - each one of which is in itself peculiarly adapted for the warding off of one especial form of dart - they hold: in readiness when suffering man shall properly solicit - to assume those sentinel posts upon the vital rampart, which alone, they were assigned to fill - and each one pointed out his post - and in this wise - if I may be allowed the simile - each bear the part of a pianist. and Homeros an intellectual forte. in whom each organ was a speaking key -

Thus he conversed, with every dweller in the three great kingdoms of the earth, and learned their mission here, and could not but be grieved, that through the ignorance and faithlessness of man - they should have been so long frustrated in their

purposes of doing good.

Now, as there were many persons, who were blessed with minds untrammeled by the stupefying damps, of selfish interests - those who believe that Providence may do, and yet their wisdom fail to solve the manner how - those who, unbiased by the clamorous tongues of calumny, seek truth alone, and when they find it, hail it joyfully, although their reasoning - tho counted wise - fall far amiss of it - and those too who could grant that means, however meagre in their eyes, might in the hand Omnipotent, work miracles most wonderous, and past their finding out. So there were those who could believe that Homicea, possessed the golden key, adapted to the lock, upon the door of Nature's great medicinal Store house - and, ere all the dewy oblations, of the Queen of Night, had climbed the warm sun-beams, from the hazy altars to the sky; such of his votaries as were in need, began to flock unto him - to receive the blessings at his hand,

the Lord through him had deigned to cure, and afflicted mortals.

The deaf, the blind, the halt, the maimed, the weak, and those in fine of every malady, in sad and mournful procession, marched unto his hospitable dome, as those of old did to our blessed Saviour, when he as man dwelt with them on the earth, and as then, so in a measure now, the deaf received their hearing, and the blind their sight. the halt and maimed walked upright. and the weak were strengthened, ay, those of every affliction were administered to, and joyfully went their way, walking, leaping, and praising God.

In the evening Homeros again went forth into his blooming domain, that his tired thoughts might wander off, from the monotonous path of the days pursuits, and regale upon the inexhaustable store of wonders, brightening the beautiful scene surrounding him. And as he musing walked, he chanced to see,

that from this bed of choicest, and most long and well tried plants, there were a number missing; lately riven from the earth, as with a rude and hasty hand. And picking up a watch that lie half buried in the soil beneath his feet. and following in the tell-tale train of fallen crumbs of earth - that lightly clung to the trembling roots, he was conducted along a track of shameful devastation, to where a broken pale disclosed the place of egress, and side of which he found the heap of plunder: and a chest containing means for treating that "hydra-headed monster" called disease - believed to have to dwell in man, and feed upon his vitals

There were Morxis and cautering-irons, for burning holes, in case he should incline to crawl out through an ulcer.

There were cups and lancets, for cutting holes, through which, if such should be his pleasure, he might swim out with the blood.

There were blistering-plasters of mighty

strength by lifting up the skin - and loosening up the parts beneath, if hopely he should wish to thread his way out through the meshes of the flesh -

And Blue pills & calomel - cod-liver-oil and quinine, to increase his strength provided he grew feeble, or create an horde of others should he feel the need of company.

He glanced at these; and whilst he waited for the thief to come to carry off his prey - there passed before his mental eye, an army, seeming by outnumbering the stars of heaven, in the number of its souls; and in its wretched ranks, there tottering stood - rending the air with shrieks of agony, both males and females, of all ages - colors and degrees of life: each bearing on their piteous forms, heart sickening mutilations, wrought by these, dire - life - embittering and destroying engines. Rousing from this mournful revery, he saw far in the distance, Allos coming, puffing, and tugging, with all the patience and

tardy perseverance, of that well known domestic animal so noted for its length of ears, in front a light wood barricade, of his most valuable shrubbery - This audacious outrage upon Homeros, as may well be guessed, severely tried his patience and forbearance; yet he quelled his boiling anger, and resolved to fathom if possible, the depth of Allos' deceit. This would require an interview much less embarrassing to Allos than the one impending: which he thought he might obtain, by moving off toward Allos' dwelling, for he knew he could not bring all of the booty with him at once: hence he suspected he would leave them, and go home and procure a means for their more occult conveyance - After Homeros had hastened away unseen by Allos, to quite a distance - he turned, and sauntered slowly back in the direction he had come, and soon perceived that he had rightly guessed, for there indeed came Allos, but with a quicker step than when home

minutes previous, he dragged a young uprooted forest at his heels. He slackened up his pace as nearing Homios, and seeing who it was - and dreading that he should proceed into the scene he had already seen - addressed him thus -

Good evening neighbor Homios! art recruiting thy spirits after the toil of the day? this serene and beautiful evening, is a lovely one for contemplation, I too, induced by the pure fresh air impregned with balm from the bloom of your fair garden of thine - strayed out for that same purpose, Now turn about my friend. I would that we might have a little social talk.

Homios - As now I find thee in a friendly mood - unwont indeed for thee - I will about with thee - And first my friend, why art so kind to night?

Allos - Why, when an heart is glad, its thankful effluence is mirrored forth upon the

countenance, and blends with every word and action - And I of late am fright will pleased, with some magnificent discoveries, that I have made, in reference to the use of certain plants, and minerals, in the curing of disease, and at some future time perhaps I will more fully tell thee of them, but then they would avail the naught, for thou wouldst use the nothing th part of any given portion of them, and count ten that a dangerous dose, two grain to give without an antidote at hand.

It is indeed a pity that thou will not listen to my counsel judgement, and let the rich experience of a long eventful life like mine have weight with thee.

Have I not based my "practise" on the sapient dogmas of a thousand giant minds?

Have I not paced the good old path laid out by those of ancient times, who left no depth unfathomed, or a nook unswept, as future time

hath shown us?

Ay. have I not firmly kept the faith our noble sires adhered to? and thus it not conveyed me safely through the snares of Death, when life has not been too far spent to make sufficient effort for escape? How then can I friend Homoios look on thee with an eye of pity? Who counts that truth which is the veriest acme of falsity. Who deems the airy imaginings, and absurd hypotheses, of a vain and stupid dreamer, the very cracks of truth.

Homoios. Thou talkest fast, and walkest fast. why hurry thus, is time not leisure with thee?

Alos. Yes- Speak on.

Homoios. Well then. first- as to thy grand discoveries, I heard of them- and long ere thou developed them. I knew of them, and if thou at an earlier date had read my works, thou might'st have too. for I have ever had. not

only them, but many more of equal worth, —
which thou mayest have the honor of discovering
also, by a further reading — in my every day's
employment.

Secondly. The poison. Thou'dst have it
that I give no medicine at all. Well be it so, &
what does this for thee? Statistics show — as thou
canst not deny and keep the truth — that the
mortality is even greater in thy "practise" than
in mine. This being true, what need I pray
have we of medicine? Nay, further, if all
our medicines are poisons — which they are
as every doctor knows — and act in greater or
in less degree a deleterious part upon the
human system. Who, forsooth must be the
greater benefactor; he who palms his costly
boxes in small sized doses, on a credulous &
suffering populace to no effect, or worse a bad
one, or he who giving wholesome dietetic
rules prescribes no medicine at all?

Thirdly. A word or two in reference to the boasted of antiquity of this thy darling practice. I think thee quite unhappy in thy argument upon this point. This seemingly strong hold of thine. For wouldst thou say that we are less enlightened at this time than were those of old? And that the so thought great improvements of the present time, are mere chimeras? For instance, wouldst thou say the tardy Wherry was superior to our swift and noble steam boat? or the tiring stud post to our flying car, or telegraphic wire? Or — but my time would fail to mention half the blessings that we now enjoy, that but a little while ago, were not so much as dreamed of. Or wouldst thou say improvement may be made in every science but in that alone of medicine? that in this solitary one, perfection long ago was wrought? Oh what absurdity!

Still, I would not say those

brilliant prodigies of by-gone ages. those penetrative-sighted Cromes, who brought the noble and gigantic art of healing to perfection?—Whilst the sage philosophers spread over the world, with wooden pen, not wasting time to print—the only theories that reason, or good sense could sanction, in regard to Nature, and her ruling laws, which filled, with numerous other similar rational doctrines—that round this flattened earth, which rested on a turtle, rolled the inferior sun a mass of molten iron, and all the stars—bright scintillations, in their daily paths—possessed not giant minds. And feared the very fairest structure, which material then existing could be fashioned into. but, owing to the mighty progress of the sciences and arts. from then till now, our power to arrive at truth, compared with theirs, is as the Cable to the gossamer?

Lastly. Thou scurrilously assertest that

My mode of "practice" is absurd. and why? because thou dost not understand it!

Dost thou understand how oxygen and hydrogen, two gases as invisible as the air we breath, and in their conjoined weight one sixth as heavy, can unite and form that ponderous liquid water?

Dost thou understand why water, being constituted of the best supporter of combustion, and the best combustible united, should extinguish fire?

Dost thou understand why alkalies and acids, each intensely acrid, and corroding, and alike destructive to the human flesh, should when united, be inert & harmless?

Or dost thou understand why the rod of iron, when passed in contact with a slip of platina into nitric acid, has the power to bend its action off when otherwise it would have been immediately attacked

with violence – And have the power also to impart this property to others ad infinitum?

Yet thou knowest that these things; and myriads of others equally inexplicable – are so.

How then by reasoning, canst thou determine that the law I cure by aid of is absurd? Or that my little pills have not the power to make impressions on the human system?

There is a class of people in this world, so wrapped up in that mighty self – that every thing they see, and hear, which is not on a level with their stupid, narrow minds, they scornfully entitle humbug – nonsense – Whether this is so with thee thou knowest best. But I charge thee, hence, keep on thy watch lest thou shouldst be betrayed.

Adios – I would be of no avail for me to argue further with thee, for thou

will not hear to reason, and though thou
has abused me thus. yet will I not retali-
-ate but still continue on to labor for thy good.

Homoios - Will you please to tell me what the
time of night?

Allos. (Fumbling in his pocket) Zounds!
my watch is gone! I've lost it!

Homoios (handing him the watch) Can this
be thine? I found it on a garden bed of mine
that has been robbed to night!

Allos. Yes! good night I'm in a ——

Homoios (in soliloquy) snare.